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REALLY.

An afternoon wail of protest, which the Astorian is reluctant to deem a contemporary, prints a galley and a quarter of delightfully amusing imagery, relative to the recent closing of the dance halls. While the extent of the article might, momentarily, convey the impression that the grey matter of the person, responsible for the effort, is unusually prolific, the tenor would indicate it is sterile. An anonymous interview, purported to be with one of the city's most influential merchants, is printed. This goes on to say that the merchant suffered very materially as a result of the recent crusade against the dance halls, and further, that the fine slipper trade had been utterly ruined. The entire loss visited upon the merchants, according to the interview, reaches nearly \$30,000. The Astorian is blamed. "If the Astorian wants to kill the goose that has been laying the golden egg for us, it has a perfect right to do so, but the paper will never again get any of my patronage," says the interview. The further intelligence is conveyed that on July 1, the Astorian will lose the greater part of its advertising. The story is written in such a masterful strain, it evidences the remarkable prowess of the writer in delving into the most minute details of this very involved question and it requires an analytical comment. Under normal circumstances the Astorian would consider the source of this very ludicrous story and is only induced to grant space for a reply, because of the fact, that the time is ripe to anticipate any unwarranted gossip that may arise as a result of the original conception of evil, in good morals. Primarily, the offense in the story is the anonymous interview. It shows convincingly that the merchant, if such exist, and the Astorian believes that the interview is not only anonymous, but unauthorized, has no strength in his convictions, or refrains from divulging his identity through apprehension of losing the patronage of those whose minds are not pervaded and intelligently appreciate the virtue in the elimination of the dance hall evil or is not yet satiated in his desire to make an ass of the man who has assumed the defense of the dance hall element. Regarding the alleged threat to discontinue his advertisement in the Astorian, at the expiration of his contract, the sooner he calls at the business office of this paper and cancels his agreement, the better pleased will be the Astorian. It has no desire to pollute its pages with the advertisement of a man who depends upon the proceeds of lost souls for his sustenance. Let it be specifically understood that the Astorian has not entered into this fight with the hope that it might succeed in inciting the people to a point of moral fanaticism. It has been actuated by the purest motives and cannot countenance any assertions that would imply the people have gone beyond bounds in relieving Astoria of a detrimental influence. It reiterates its statement that those who frequented the dance halls and wasted their money for lustful indulgences will now have ample funds to devote to other channels. No person, who has given this matter study, can fail to see, even at this early date, a change for the better. Eventually, when the undue excitement, which accompanied the crusade, has abated, the real virtues of a clean city will be perceived. Relative to the fishermen and lumbermen, whom, the Astorian believes, are respected citizens of this region, and who represent two of the greatest industries in the Pacific Northwest, this popinjay has been rash in claiming they are so shallow, the entire reward for their labors goes for wine, women and song. These men could not obtain clothes or commodities in the dance halls, and as they will require them in the future, as they have in the past, their patronage will remain with the Astorian merchants. Concluding, none but a person so filled with

putrid appreciation of the tenderloin, that to conceive good, in good, is rendered impossible, would have written so degrading an article as appeared in the "Official Organ of the Tenderloin Board of Trade," last night.

ON TO TILLAMOOK.

The report has been given out that construction upon the Portland, Nehalem & Tillamook railway will be commenced immediately. So far as may be learned, negotiations for the right-of-way for the projected railway have been practically completed and provide for a route along the East side of the Coast range of mountains, reaching Nehalem by an abrupt turn to the West, in the vicinity of Glenwood. From Nehalem the plan, it is said, is for the route to follow the Tillamook county road, passing through Foley, Hobsonville and Bay City. Tillamook is to be the terminus. That the work of building the first ten-mile section of the railway is now in the hands of a contracting firm is assured and evinces that definite arrangements have been made. Notwithstanding, the Astorian confidently believes that the A. & C. R. railway will be the first company to build into Tillamook. Within a very few days, President Hammond will pay Astoria another of his periodical visits. Owing to the recent and unusual activity in the local railway field, and also to the announcement that it is contemplated to extend the Corvallis & Eastern railway, from both ends, it is reasonable to attach considerable concern to the visit of Mr. Hammond. In the past year the A. & C. R. has been extended, beyond Seaside, three miles. True, the extension is merely a timber line, built to facilitate egress to the timbered areas in the control of Mr. Hammond and his associates. However, the fact remains that a prolific timber region is found in the district adjacent to this extension, so vast, it easily warrants the further construction of the railway. The building of the road to Nehalem would afford those already in that section a better opportunity to market their products and at the same time serve as an inducement, to others to settle there. From Nehalem to Tillamook is a distance of approximately 18 miles. The task then, of building the A. & C. R., to this Coast point is not so momentous, or so impossible, as some are wont to believe. The opening of this extension would ultimately result in the creation of a junction at some desirable place on the line of the Corvallis & Eastern, which railway, is also under Mr. Hammond's control and starts nowhere and offers a similar terminus. The benefits that will accrue to both railways as a result of the extension cannot be overestimated.

COMMENT

From Seattle comes the news that the city and county buildings will be grouped, to better the appearance of the city, and incidentally, it may be added, to facilitate the apprehension of "grafters."

Portland's retiring council has made another record, a record differing, not in the least, from those in the past. How liberal! They planned to spend the city's money for a present to Mayor Williams.

A New York chauffeur, in attempting to scare a number of people, ran over a boy and killed him. He succeeded in scaring himself thoroughly, and ran away to escape the bicycle police.

Der riksdag undt die storting vouchsafed unanimously, "raus mit 'em." King Oscar chimes in, sotto, "mine Gott in himmel," and then paints a hideous mental picture of Sweden, in the throes of anarchy, with red flags and blood for a stage setting and an audience of bombs, hissing their approval.

Mitchell's defense is that he took no money, but received a "few small checks." The financial world will be glad to learn that checks are not the equivalent of United States gold coin.

Geronimo cherishes the hope of being returned to his former home in Arizona. What a delightful time that old reprobate will have when he is afforded an opportunity to associate himself with the Yaquis.

"A miss is as good as a mile," resorting to an old saw. Peace negotiations are scheduled to occur in Washington during the month of August. It is hoped they will result in the consummation of a universal peace. 'Tis likely, indeed. The streets of Russian-Polish cities run with blood, the Franco-German controversy is now serious, the Sweden-Norway discussion is assuming formidable proportions, the Chicago strike is far from being settled, disaffection among labor organizations is reported in Philadelphia and in New York, dissensions

between employers and employees have likewise arisen in these two cities, and coupled with these startling facts, is the possibility of Japan's murdering its Russian prisoners rather than feed them. Truly, that harmless little white bird has much to contend with, but success to her and also to the "big stick."

A Goldfield, Nev., woman shot a man who jumped a lot belonging to her husband and refused to move, thus contradicting the general opinion that a woman cannot pull a trigger.

A co-operative federation with a capitalization of \$50,000,000 has been found in Portland. It will be deplorable if this enterprise is not more successful than the Lewis and Clark expedition, speaking, of course, from the standpoint of co-operation; to be precise, referring to the people and the state, who put up the money, and the corporation, who are spending it.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Literary Life.

A stranger, he, from none knows where. A stranger, she, with wondrous smile. Each had gone out to take the air— They met in Robert Chamber's style. "I never saw your face before, But I admire it so to speak," He says: Then she must also say: "As to your face, I like your cheek."

She vanished, but our hero was George Barr McCutcheon's extra fine. He vowed: Here things began to buzz. That lovely princess shall be mine. He trailed her to her rich abode And called on her that very night. (He traced her by the trailing code Made plain by Stewart Edward White.

With fervid words he wooed the maid; Until she sank upon his breast— The wealth of diction he displayed Was L. J. Libbey's very best. Their wedding was a grand affair, 'Twas graced by baron duke and lord. A coronet was on her hair— 'Twas a la Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

In story books that is "The End"— But here the sequel comes to spoil The blithe romance that we have penned. She was a female Conan Doyle, And when she found a scented note Upon her hero husband's desk, And blonde hairs on his overcoat, Her language was most Kiplinguesque.

This life is full of bitter shams She vows, with disappointed sobs; She speaks in caustic epigrams Much like the ones of J. O. Hobbes; But he, the wretch, stays out at night In never ending poker games, And in the dawn's first grayling light, Explains things a la Henry James. —W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.

Yesterday.

Little sea-maiden with eyes so blue— Blue as the waters of inshore bays— With your clinging arms, and rebellious hair, and your wonderful, innocent baby ways—

Little sea-maiden, tell me, pray, Have you forgotten our yesterday?

Little sea-maiden you seemed so true— True as the steel of the tempered sword With your warm, ripe lips, and your laughter low, and a breath of remembrance in every word.

Little sea-maiden, demure or gay, You called me lover but yesterday.

Little sea-maiden, I would that I Could forget the kiss that you said was play.

play. For its memories sting, and its memories stay, and the future looms up cold and gray.

Little sea-maiden you went your way And left me lonely that yesterday.

E. J., in the Sydney Bulletin.

Her Little Brother.

His sister's caller—And you say your sister is skittish and nervous? I suppose she would jump at a mouse?

Willie—I don't know 'bout her jumpin' at a mouse, but I have heard her tell ma that she would jump at a proposal—whatever that is.

AUSTRALIAN HUMOR.

After the Honeymoon.

Husband: "didn't you promise to love, honor and obey?" Wife: "How do I know what I did? I was listening to what you were promising."—Sydney Bulletin.

An Implication.

Mrs. Margerine, (after a few neighborly words): "An' I'd have yer know

Mrs. Mangles, that me husband is so well thought on as he takes the plate around in church."

Mrs. angles (in disdain): I'm well aware of it, mum. Which you wouldn't be able to put on such style if he didn't."

Prodigious.

Thethree year old daughter of a leading minister resents too great familiarity. A few evenings ago, though she seemed a little unwilling, a caller took her upon his lap, whereupon she said with great gravity: "I want to sit in my own lap."

Herculean Task.

"Yes, Gladys, he is rich, but the mere fact of his being rich does not mean anything. Why doesn't he do something? This is a world of endeavor." "You ought to see the meerscham pipe he colored."

Not Shady Enough.

"How do you like the brilliant lighting arrangements on the veranda?" asked the summer hotel proprietor of the fascinating summer girl. "Atrocious!"

Then the old fellow began to wonder if he would ever understand the ways of women.

Awful Catastrophe.

A cry of horror burst forth from the vast assemblage.

Thousands of willing hands would have averted the catastrophe if possible, but everybody realized that nothing could be done.

Strong men groaned in anguish, and fair women looked on with pale cheeks and glistening eyes.

What had happened? Was it a horrible accident? Worse than that!

Oh! far worse!

The man at the bat had struck out, leaving three men on bases, and the home team had lost the game!

"Kek! chuckled the Old Codger, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper. "I sh'd say that here's mention of about the peculiarities of ever born in captivity! A fellow is advertisin' for sale a Jersey cow, givin' eleven quarts of milk a day, couple of tons of hay, a jump-seat buggy, four hives of bees, and a good second-hand harrow. Pretty unusual kind of a cow, I sh'd surmise. Kek."

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3-SPECIALS-3
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50c

MENS COTTON SOCKS; fine gauge;

spliced heels and toes; ribbed tops; nicely finished.—Worth 25c a pair.

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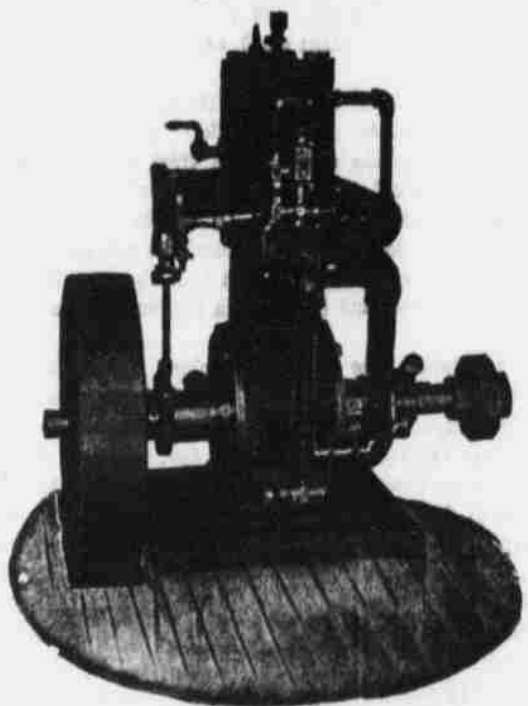
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